Moskova, of Malo-Yaroslavetz. The Russian armies were not once able to hold their ground against our eagles: Moscow fell into our hands. After the frontiers of Russia had been pierced and the weakness of her armies had been proved, hordes of Tartars turned their parricide hands against the most fertile provinces of the vast Empire to the defence of which they were summoned. In the space of a few weeks, notwithstanding the tears and the despair of the unfortunate Muscovites, they burned down more than 4000 of their most prosperous villages, more than fifty of their finest cities, thus satisfying an old standing hatred on the plea of retarding our march and of surrounding us with a desert. We triumphed over these obstacles; even the fire of Moscow, which in four days ingulfed the fruit of the labour and accumulations of forty generations, did not affect the security of our position. But the excessive and premature severity of winter bore down our army in a frightful calamity. In the space of a few nights all was changed, I suffered great losses; my spirit would have been broken, if, in such circumstances, I could have allowed myself to think of anything but the interests, the glory, and the future of my people.

The misfortunes brought on us by the severity of winter have served to reveal to their fullest extent the grandeur and solidity of this Empire. It is with the most lively sense of satisfaction that we have seen our subjects of the kingdom of Italy, of what was formerly Holland, of the new departments, rivalling the French in showing that their hope, their future, and their interest lie in the consolidation and triumph of the Great Empire.

I need great resources to face all the demands imposed